THE Royal Courtly GARLAND.

IN SIX PARTS.

PART I. How the King of *Bohemia* having married a most virtuous Queen, and being afterwards visited by a foreign Prince, of whom the King became jealous, and hired his Cup-bearer to poison him; the Prince being acquainted with it, went into his own Country, and was soon after crowned there.

PART II. How the King put his Wife in Prison, where she was deliver'd of a Daughter, who was by the King's Order put into a Boat, and left to the Mercy of the Sea.

PART III. How the King in a Vision being assured of his Wife's Innocency, released her who soon after died with Grief.

PART IV. How the Child was drove into that Country where the Prince reigned, taken up by a Shepherd, and kept as his own.

PART V. How the King's Son fell in Love with her, And embark'd with her and the old Shepherd for *Italy*.

PART VI. Being by a Storm drove into *Bohemia*, where confined; and how the King thereof knew she was his own Daughter.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

The Royal Courtly GARLAND.

PART I.

A Tragical Story I have now to relate,
A King of *Bohemia* in Splendor moſt great;
This Royal King wedded a fair virtuous Queen,
The greateſt of Beauties that ever was ſeen.

An outlandiſh Prince of Honour and Fame,
Unto this King's Court he a viſiting came,
Who then was attended with Honour and State;
The King ſet his Nobles upon him to wait.

And likewiſe to welcome this Prince to the Court,
Great Feaſting was made, with rare Paſtime and Sport:
Now give your Attention, and I'll ſhew you in brief,
How their Joy was turn'd into Sorrow and Grief.

The King ſaw his Queen in the Garden one Day,
Walking with the young Prince, which caus'd him to ſay,
I fear this young Prince is too great with my Queen,
And therefore I ever will bear him a Spleen.

She proving with Child, made his Jealouſy more,
Becauſe ſhe had never conceived before:
The King was enraged with much Violence,
And ſwore he would ſoon deſtroy the young Prince.

The King called his Cup bearer then with all Speed,
Saying, When the Prince comes to the Table indeed,
Be ſure give him Poiſon to end his Life,
For he has been naughty with my beautiful Wife.

To humour the King, the Cup-bearer he ſaid,
Your Majeſty's Orders ſhall now be obey'd:
Not willing to do, this Cup-bearer went,
And gave the young Prince to know this Intent.

So ſoon as he had the King's Treachery told,
The Prince gave him twenty bright Pieces of Gold:

Saying

Saying, I will now eſcape his blood-thirſty Hand,
By ſteering away to my own native Land.

Fearing the King's Wrath, the Prince durſt not ſtay,
The Wind proving fair, he ſoon ſailed away,
And in a ſmall Time to his Father's Court came,
Where he was received with Honour and Fame.

Soon after this Royal Prince married a Wife,
Who was the whole Comfort and Joy of his Life,
His old Father died in a Little Space,
And then the young Prince reigned in his Place.

His Wife ſhe conceived and brought forth a Son,
Which joyful Tidings thro' the Kingdom did run,
So now I will leave them in Plenty great Store,
And turn to the King of *Bohemia* once more.

PART II.

NOW when the old King found that he was got clear,
Then to his fair Wife he prov'd ſharp and ſevere:
Cloſe lock'd in a Caſtle he did her confine,
For to have her burnt this King did deſign.

At length ſhe was deliver'd, as we hear
Of a beautiful Daughter moſt charming and fair;
A Child of ſuch Beauty was ſcarce e'er beheld,
Then with a great Paſſion the King he was fill'd.

And taking the Child with great Violence,
Said, I'll kill it becauſe 'twas got by the Prince;
Tis like him, and therefore her Blood ſhall run down,
No Baſtard ſhall ever inherit my Crown.

His Beautiful Queen then in Sorrow did ſay,
None but your ownſelf I e'er knew in that Way,
I will not believe it, baſe Harlot, ſays he,
For this great Offence, thou burned ſhall be.

To me nor my Infant no Mercy you'll ſhew,
On the Throne above there's a juſt God, I know,
That ſurely will plague you for your Cruelty,
So with Conſcience clear I truly ſhall die.,

With

With what you rax me, God knows I am clear,
If you burn my Body, I do not much fear,
But my Soul in Heaven with Angels may dwell,
While you may with Devils be scorched in Hell.

Soon after this cruel King studied another Way,
The Life of this Innocent Babe to betray;
He told to the Queen with abundance of Spite,
He'd let her try Swimming, because she was light.

Then a little Boat he did straightway provide,
Resolving to send her away with the Tide:
I'll send her a Voyage, when the Wind fair doth blow,
She may come to Fortune for ought that I know.

The Queen she then begged upon her bare knees,
Let me see my Infant once more, if you please,
The beautiful Infant was brought her once more,
With Tears she then kiss'd it a thousand Times o'er.

A purse of fine Diamonds she plac'd next her Skin,
And fasten'd it likewise securely within;
A Chain round her Neck, and a Mantle of Gold,
Because she her Infant no more might behold.

Oh! how it this cruel King's Fancy did please,
To see this Child floating upon the Salt Seas:
Where now we will leave this sweet Infant and show,
The goodness of God, who all Secrets does know.

PART III.

THIS King in his Sleep was disturbed in Mind,
Three Times was a Voice heard, *Oh! King most unkind,*
That now has contriv'd to destroy the Child's Life,
Thro' Jealousy, there is no Fault in thy Wife.

Then waking from Sleep, he was heartily vex'd,
His Conscience was troubled, his Mind was perplex'd:
He went to the Castle when Day did appear,
To ask the Queen's Pardon, and straight set her clear.

The worst of all Wretches, I surely have been,
For I have committed a base horrid Sin;

My

My dear Wife and Infant so vilely to leave,
The worst of all Punishments I do deserve.

The Child of my Bowels is sunk in the Main,
I ne'er shall expect to have Comfort again;
To think of these Actions my panting Heart bleeds,
Oh! how shall I answer for my unjust Deeds?

The Queen for her Infant some Time did lament;
Oh! there was a Court full of sad Discontents.
She took to her Bed where her Heart soon was broke,
And this to the King was a terrible Stroke.

The Court was in Mourning for several Years,
And likewise the King did shed many sad Tears:
Where now we must leave them in Sorrow to weep,
And return to the Child that was left on the Deep.

PART IV.

NOW let me shew you how Providence smil'd
Upon this sweet Innocent beautiful Child:
By tempestuous Waves it was drove on the Shore,
Where that Prince reigned King, whom we spoke on before.

A shepherd by Chance came down to the Sea-side,
To look for some Sheep, when the Boat he espy'd,
And seeing the Infant, he strangely did gaze,
A while the poor Shepherd did stand in amaze.

Yet nevertheless he took up the sweet Child,
Seeing what was about it the old Shepherd smil'd
And being ne'er blest with a finer babe in his life
He carry'd this Infant straight Home to his Wife.

His Wife said, What Infant is this I behold?
Whose Bastard is this? And began for to scold;
The Shepherd said, She was drove close to the Shore,
But seeing the Riches she scolded no more.

The Shepherd said, Wife, we'll not call it our own,
But keep it a while that it may not be known:
I need not to keep any more Sheep on the Plain,
I'll buy a Farm, and so flourish amain.

The

The good Wife ſaid, Husband, hear me if you pleaſe,
It is the beſt Way to begin by Degrees,
They'll ſay we have robbed upon the High way,
Therefore take my Counſel, dear Huſband, I pray.

He took his Wife's Counſel, as we underſtand,
They in ſhort Time bought a ſmall Spot of Land;
Thus in decent Manner they went on, 'tis true,
And all his good Neighbours commended him too.

PART V.

THIS Child ſhe grew up much endued with Grace,
A modeſt Behaviour, and ſweet charming Face:
And being now about the Age of Fifteen,
For Beauty and wiſdom none like her was ſeen.

Firſt Farmers, next 'Squires, and Knights of Renown,
To the Shepherd's Houſe they all came flocking down:
And ſtrove to ſalute her with Proffers moſt kind,
But ſtill to Love's Fancy ſhe was not inclin'd.

It chanced the King's Son rode a Hunting one Day,
And ſeeing his Beauty in homely Array:
Her charming ſweet Features did torture him ſo,
The young Prince was wounded with *Cupid*'s ſure Bow.

Oh! how this young Prince was inflamed with Love,
And ſtudying how he might his Paſſion remove.
From a Shepherd's Daughter ſo low, mean, and poor,
Yet nevertheleſs he was tortur'd the more.

The Prince he walk'd out, and met her in the Field,
Amongſt her young Lambs, where he quickly reveal'd,
His Paſſionate Story, ſaying Charmer ſo ſweet,
Grant me thy ſweet Love, or I die at thy Feet.

She anſwered him ſtraight, Royal Prince of Renown,
Would you be diſinherited quite from the Crown?
Therefore, royal Prince, ſure that cannot be done,
Of a Shepherd's Daughter, and you a King's Son.

My kingdom and Crown, Love, I value it not,
I'll make thee my own whate'er falls to my Lot;

If

If you were a Shepherd, dear Prince, ſhe reply'd,
I could love you dearly, and be your ſweet Bride.

The Prince went and put on Shepherd's Array,
And came to this Beauty a-courring next Day,
Said he Charming Shepherdeſs, if you'll be my Wife,
I ever will love you as dear as my Life.

Your're dreſs'd like a Shepherd, Sir, I may believe,
I know you, or elſe my Eyes do me decieve;
Therefore do not lead me thus in Ignorance,
I fear you're no Shepherd, but a Royal Prince.

He kiſs'd and embrac'd her ſometime in his Arms,
Saying, I am the Prince that muſt yield to thy Charms,
To ſome foreign Nation, dear Love, let us go,
And we will be marry'd where none do us know.

He got a Ship loaded, as we do underſtand,
With rich golden Treaſures, for another Land:
And took a Page with him, whom he could intruſt,
Who always had proved right Faithful and Juſt.

PART VI.

THE old Shepherd hearing this, ſaid, She'll be ſpoil'd,
I fear that the young Prince will get her with Child:
Oh! how ſhall we get her, Wife, from the King's Son?
I'll tell the King of it, or ſhe'll be undone.

Then with the Gold Mantle he poſted away,
The Prince's Page met him, and ſaid, Old Friend, this Day,
The King for ſome Pleaſure is gone on the ſeas,
I'll bring you on board to the King, if you pleaſe.

But when the old Shepherd came on board, pray mind,
Inſtead of the King, the young Prince he did find:
And likewiſe this Beauty, dreſs'd in rich Array,
Then ſtraight the old Shepherd for Pardon did pray.

The Prince ſaid, old Father, riſe up from your Knees,
The Shepherd ſaid, put me on Shore if you pleaſe;
Or elſe my poor Wife will be grieved full ſore,
No, ſaid the Prince, I'll not truſt you on Shore.

Now while the poor Shepherd his Case did bewail,
They had a fair Wind; so they hoisted up Sail:
The Ship, as we hear, was to *Italy* bound,
But great Grief and Sorrow encompass'd them round.

A violent Storm on the Sea did arise,
Drove them to *Bohemia*, then taken for Spies,
Their Ship seized, and to Prison they went;
Hearing of this Beauty, the King for her sent.

So soon as this beautiful Creature was brought,
The King then with Lust to defile her he sought;
Yet still with the King, for her Honour she strove,
Saying, let me die for to ransom my Love.

Then finding that she would not yield, I protest,
He sent her to Prison, lock'd close from the rest:
His hot lustful Love to hatred was turn'd
He vow'd she should either be hang'd or burn'd.

At last they were brought to their Trial, we hear,
Oh! how the old Shepherd did tremble with Fear,
May't please your Grace, this Child is none of my own;
Then how he came by her he made it all known.

He likewise produced the Mantle of Gold,
The King was amaz'd this strange Sight to behold;
Tho' long Time the Shepherd made Choice of the same,
The King knew it well, being wrought with his Name.

He swooned away, but recovered again,
Saying, thou art my Child, whom I laid on the Main;
My Child is alive, whom I thought to destroy,
The Prince made himself known too, which raised their Joy.

With Honour and Triumph soon marry'd they were,
Tis Father was sent for, who quickly came there:
And likewise Dame *Mopsy*, the old Shepherd's Wife,
Whose dancing well pleased the Court to the Life.

The Shepherd and his Wife made pastime and Sport,
The King made the Shepherd a Lord of his Court,
Now by what was thus acted, ye plainly may see,
What nothing can hinder what Fate doth decree.

F I N I S.